

# The Saturday Debates

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## Note and Comment

Is Laurier to lose Quebec because of his naval policy? The result in Drummond and Arthabaska on Thursday indicates that this is a decided possibility. The constituency has long been a Liberal one, giving the late member a majority of over eight hundred at the general election, and now Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk elect their candidate by about two hundred. The sole issue was that of the navy. The opponents of the government painted in the most lurid colors the evils which must arise from Canada's being drawn into the support of Britain in her wars. Pictures were drawn of peaceful homes being broken up by the drafting of young men to the uttermost parts of the earth to settle quarrels in which Canadians were not interested. The viewpoint of Messrs. Bourassa and Monk is thoroughly familiar to all who have followed the discussion that has taken place since the proposal to establish a navy was first mooted.

That in adopting it they acted as good politicians, so far as Quebec was concerned, seems perfectly clear from this week's result. But what of the effect in the rest of the Dominion? Is Laurier to be beaten in Quebec because under his policy Canada goes too far in accepting responsibilities as a part of the Empire, while outside of Quebec the people are to be called upon to defeat him because he hasn't moved far enough in the direction indicated? Mr. Monk and Mr. Borden in the debate in the Commons stood at the opposite poles on the naval issue. Will the latter now accept the fruits of the former's agitation? In other words, will the now member for Drummond and Arthabaska be numbered as one of Mr. Borden's followers when the House meets? If he is, a condition of things arises which augurs ill for the future political well-being of the Dominion. Concerted opposition to the government will have ceased. The Conservative party will cease to be a national organization, those composing it adopting what policy they like according to the province in which they are operating.

Guerrilla warfare of this character may bring about the defeat of the administration. But how can the elements that effect that result form a government to succeed it? How could Mr. Borden and Mr. Monk as members of the same cabinet agree on a naval policy?

The situation produced by this most significant bye-election will subject the Conservative leader to the greatest test of his career. Will he denounce Mr. Monk and all his works, as the Ottawa Journal and others of the best class of Conservative papers are calling on him to do? If he does, he will be putting aside a temporary advantage for the sake of keeping his party within the national lines, along which in the days of its greatest strength it was conducted. If he does not, he will be paving the way to political anarchy. The victory is not one that anyone, outside of those directly responsible for it, can afford to gloat over. On those who best realize its consequences, it should have a decidedly sobering effect.

Mr. Trenholme Dickson of McLeod addresses a letter to the newspapers in which he sets forth the objections to the project of establishing a university at Calgary. He writes as a southern man, who believes that the provincial university should have been located in that city. But a decision on this point having been made, he holds that it is absolutely necessary for all within the province to rally to the support of the institution that is being established with their money.

"The partition of the young men of the province," writes Mr. Dickson, "between the two universities will damage the work of both. A division of the fund of university interest and energy in the province will militate against the efficiency of both. It will put both universities behind in the race with other universities. An institution is not a university just because it is called a university, even if it has legislative authority to grant degrees. A mere handful of students will not make a great university, no matter how much money be spent on its establishment. The result will be that not only will the two universities not attract students from other provinces, but our men will be attracted by the superior reputation and prestige of universities outside

this province."

Mr. Dickson's argument is unanswerable and it is to be sincerely hoped that good sense will prevail in the matter.

The Saturday News had frequent occasion to quote Mr. J. W. Foley's verses. The following in the last issue of the Saturday Evening Post must make an especial appeal to all who have seen the phenomenal changes which recent years have brought about in property values in different western cities:

Jem Willets was here when th' land was all slough  
Where th' depot is now an' th' railroad runs through;  
He owned a hull forty o' townsite, by gum,  
An' let it all go for th' taxes, I yum!  
He could have bought Perkins' Addition I guess,  
For twenty-five dollars, an' mebbe fer less;  
An' he was once offered th' hull block of land  
For a span o' gray mules, where th' court-house'll stand!

Jem Willets says somehow it's always his fate  
To be too durin' early or else be too late;  
Th' steam cars stop now on th' way goin' through  
Where he used t' cut hay 'fore they drained out th' slough.  
Jem Willets says nobody'd ever have thought  
A depot'd be built on so durin' wet a spot;

The death occurred the other day at Lethbridge, from a shooting accident, of Frank Austin, one of the most widely-known young men in Southern Alberta. As a horseman he and his brothers had probably no equals in the West, and visitors to Cardston who had the good fortune to witness their wonderful broncho-busting exhibitions are not likely soon to forget them.

A Protestant clergyman, in the course of an address at Toronto the other day, referred to Roman Catholic belief as "the worship of the Cracker." From all sides has come criticism of the flippant remark. Every person's religious views are entitled to respect and it is a man with a small soul who speaks in contempt of convictions different from his own, however great this difference may be. The reference to the "cracker" is the occasion of an editorial article in the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, a newspaper which is in the habit of discussing these problems with an intelligence and a freedom which is seldom found in the Canadian press. The Sentinel-Review calls attention to a striking passage in Macaulay's essay on Von Ranke's History of the Popes, in which he points out that when a man like Sir Thomas More was ready to die for the doctrine of transubstantiation, we cannot but feel some doubt whether the doctrine may not triumph eventually over all opposition. Sir Thomas More, he points out, was a man of eminent talents. He had all the

the Roman Catholic Church, he points out in the essay already quoted from "saw he commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Some criticism has been heard of the horse-play that has been indulged in by the students of the University of Alberta in connection with the initiation of freshmen. It was comparatively mild in character, but the hope has been generally expressed that there would be no importation whatever of these methods from eastern universities. In the first place one does not look for those in pursuit of a higher education to resort to forms of amusement which in others would be regarded mere rowdiness or close to it. The old French saying that "Noblesse oblige" "rank has its obligations" has strict application here. As an illustration of what are known in the beginning as "student pranks" may develop into, the following despatch from Guelph, Ontario, may be cited:

"The Ontario Agricultural College boys had a wild time on Hallowe'en. They placed the consolidated school vans across the street car tracks, after having held a car up and then greased the rails, delaying cars for over an hour. Proceeding to the city they endeavored to paint the statue in St. George's Square. They were reptiled by Parks Foreman Nichols and a special officer and five of them were escorted to the cells. On their return to the college they smashed a van and cut street car motor ropes, then piled all the rigs they could find in front of the Macdonald girls' residences. Securing a steer they placed it in the college postoffice and locked it in and the postoffice yesterday morning was in a very dilapidated condition. President Creelman is in Toronto today to interview the department, it is understood, as to what steps to take in the matter."

The effect of incidents like this on the cause of education should be apparent to everyone.

A blue-book issued by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise is a history in figures of the changing social life of Great Britain in the last ten years. This is the tea and coco age. More than a third less alcohol, especially whisky, is drunk. Less coffee, more tea and cocoa, more tobacco, more card playing, more dogs, more men-servants (due to the chauffeur), more pawnbrokers, fewer armorial bearings, are some of the curious facts brought out in the report.

The figures of consumption per head of the population compare between 1910 and 1909 as follows:

	1909	1910	Difference per cent. in
Beer, gals	25.8	31.5	18 per cent.
Spirits, bals	0.58	1.10	50 per cent.
Wine, gals	0.25	0.37	33 per cent.
Tea, lb	6.29	6.16	* 2 per cent.
Cocoa, lb	1.44	1.22	* 18 per cent.
Coffee, lb	0.84	0.98	14 per cent.
Tobacco, lb	1.94	1.89	* 2.7 per cent.

Sir William Grantham on returning to England from a trip through Canada, delivered a speech in which he made this statement:

"The message they sent through me to England was this: 'Why should your statesmen refuse to help us and refuse to acknowledge us as your offspring for the sake of a shadow—for the sake of a name, the name of Free Trade—for you have not got the substance now? You are risking your own future and ours. Why not treat other nations as they treat you?'

Canadians must object most emphatically to such a misrepresentation of their attitude. They are in no way suppliants for a preference and their loyalty is not so poor a thing as to be dependent on the granting of this. If Britain wants to grant a preference, we are prepared to meet it by an extension of that which we have already in force. But the motherland must make its decision in the matter purely with its own interests in view.

## The Lords as an Issue in British Politics



Landowner's Move



Punch

Asquith the Showman

Judge.

An' he let it go for a song, an' I vow  
She's wuth nigh a thousand an acre right now!

Jem Willets, he says, where th' school board has bought:

Was offered t' him for two dollars a lot,  
An' sold fer two thousand th' week before last,  
Which runs inter profit, Jem says, purty fast.  
Ef he'd only known what th' future'd bring  
He'd be wuth a million this minute, by jing!  
'Cuz land sells today fer a thousand a lot  
That might'a been Jem's as easy as not!

"Who'd ever 'a thought," says Jem Willets t' me,  
"They'd be seah a town wher' ust land used t' be!"  
It makes him disgusted when he sees a bank  
Where he used t' fill up his old water-tank.  
It us goes t' show that there ain't nothin' fair  
About life at all, an' th' fellor that's square,  
An' don't want it all, he just stays where he is,  
Where schemers git money that orter be his!

information on the subject that we have, or that, while the world lasts, any human being will have, "This is my body," was in his New Testament as it is in ours. The absurdity of the literal translation was as obvious in the sixteenth century as it is now.

No progress that science has made or will make can add to the arguments against the real presence. But Sir Thomas More accepted the doctrine, and was ready to give his life for it. And Sir Thomas More is one of the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue, and the doctrine of transubstantiation is a kind of proof charge. A faith which stands that test will stand any test." "We are, therefore, unable to understand," says Macaulay, "why what Sir Thomas More believed respecting transubstantiation may not be believed to the end of time by men equal in abilities and honesty to Sir Thomas More."

There were those, too, in Macaulay's day who professed to be able to see signs of the downfall of Rome; but the great historian was not one of them.



## OUT OF REACH

Pour, rain!  
You cannot get into my heart  
Or put out the fire of my soul;  
I am safe in a beautiful realm apart  
Where the angels of light patrol.  
Pour, rain!  
You are good, I am told, for the  
flowers and the grain,  
But you beat at the door of my  
heart in vain.

Blow, wind!  
The trees you can buffet and break;  
You can trouble the waves of the sea;  
You can scatter the petals of many a flower,  
But you cannot terrify me!  
Blow, wind!  
For the country of "Peace and a  
Quiet Mind"  
Is a part of the world you can  
never find!

**THE WONDER SHOP**  
And of course everybody wondered who and what I was driving at in the display I set out for you in last week's Wonder Shop window. Who was the lady in black? Whose house was referred to?

La, la, la! as if I should be telling you! Why the day I started furnishing keys to the riddles I —————— as well sing my Swan Song, and pack for other parts.

Of course there were a lot of clever folk who "guessed right" the very first time. Rather, so they informed me. But then, in a world as large as ours, one always must reckon on these much-discerning people—who are happy—and know nothing.

There were a good many who peeped into the mirror this week.

Not many to look at "Craford"—worse taste they—but to see if any explanatory tickets hung to the figures and articles in "The Wonder Shop" Window. Oh, you human children! When I give you a bit of the best of me; when I write you of

the things that are nearest my heart, you pass the Looking-Glass with your heads in the air!—And when I just gossip with you, a hint at scandal, a dissection of a hat, a word of Her, a query as to Him—well, Children Mine, you look long and earnestly to catch the reflections. Tell me, will you, when we are grown older together, will you perhaps be more in earnest with me?

This week's wonders are not to be compared to what will be in our next column, because in the coming week, between the Opening, the gossip that will naturally attend the making public of the report of the Royal Commission, the shakings-up and shaking-down that will be in progress—as you may readily see, everybody will be donning their wonder-caps and setting to with a will. Everybody is wondering even now, what Haberdasher ever persuaded Him to buy "that velvet hat," and how Her milliner or her looking-glass, could trick her into wearing what is so obviously meant for a cake-dish.

They are wondering if a few of the rats aren't deserting the ship too early in the game.

They are wondering how many buffalo he expects to "bag" or at least "pot."

They are wondering if I'll mauve socks and tie, are second mourning for discarded loves, or only a semi-semi farce of repentence for his sins.

They wonder who is on the revised Retail Merchants' list, and if "some friend" has put "over" name on.

She wonders why there are so few doors on the rooms of Edmonton houses, as opposed to the appalling array of great arches and open spaces, that make for a chilly and naked sensation these bleak November days.

He is wondering how Society would take it, and who would stand sponsor for her.

They are wondering who the female

detective is, and what she gets for laying bare the family skeletons. Everybody wonders whether she takes Cleopatra or Salome for her model.

Some wretched wonders if half as much of a coiffure wouldn't answer the bill or whether she considers half a dozen rats an abysmal necessity.

They are wondering if he means business or whether it's the same old story.

They wonder if one heirloom can make up for such an eternally commonplace individual.

Everybody is wondering who still insists foisting on the public next, her last contribution being considered the limit.

Everybody wonders if a little French is not a dangerous thing.

They are wondering where he raised his English accent.

They are wondering if they haven't heard that ancient chestnut about the moving of the Post Office,—oh, centuries ago.

They are wondering why they don't formally announce "it."

Everybody wonders if the deal goes rough what they will do with the money.

They are wondering how long it will be a League, having doubtless in mind the fate of kindred organizations in the past.

Everybody wonders who is going to belong to "it."

Everybody wonders how soon everybody else is going to pay their accounts.

He sadly wonders who's kissing her "now."

Some cruel folk wonder if "the 'he' lady" shouldn't be retired as a subject of conversation at tea-parties.

Some people who were wondering, are now satisfied. It's perfectly correct.

They wonder if there won't be a pretty roundabout between Premier Sifton and Richard Bedford Bennett on the speech from the Throne.

Lastly, if we shall ever discover anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, that she didn't have better and bigger "at home."

Sherry, a very entertaining and instructive book is to be brought out in New York, entitled "The Passing of the Idle Rich," Frederick Townsend Martin, brother-in-law of Mrs. Bradley Martin, the well-known socié-

ty queen of New York, being the author.

Mr. Martin has had exceptional opportunities for observing Society, and Snobs Up and Down Stairs, at very close range. Both in England and the United States his family status has opened every door to him.

"Snobs," he concludes, "exist Above and Below Stairs—in every walk of life."

"Keeping up the position," Mr. Martin goes on to explain, "makes snobbery. King Edward realized it. While he was dining with Lady Paget at one time, speaking of some Americans who were making a position for themselves, he smiled, and said: 'Ah, Lady Paget, it is not getting up to the top of the tree, but it is holding on after you get there!'

"And when I hear people talking about certain ladies and gentlemen having reached powerful positions in life and I hear the old phrase, 'They have got to the top of the tree!' I am more than ever convinced in my mind of the truth of that remark that it is not getting to the top of the tree that entails the greatest sacrifices, but holding on after you get there. And to hold on successfully one must be a snob. Otherwise so many hands are reached up to pull you down."

"I have found it most interesting to study the snobbery of the people in the fashionable world, and it can be traced down through every grade of life to the very joy of the bootblack in having as regular customers what he calls 'howling swells.' Few people appreciate what snobbery exists in the realm of the servants' hall."

"I was once visiting Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild when my valet came to me and asked if he could go to London by the morning train and get back in the afternoon. I said to him:

"Why do you want to go?"

"Oh, sir, he replied, 'as we were staying here only a few days I did not put on my evening suit, and last night, you being a foreigner, I found myself ranked above all the others, and had to take precedence of those who were travelling with dukes, earls and viscounts. I ranked them all and took in the housekeeper to dinner, and my mortification was great when I noticed that every one of the men around the table was in evening clothes, and I alone was in my ordinary black suit!'

"By the way, sir," he continued, "perhaps you, being an American, don't know that in the Servants' Hall, the valets and the maids are always called after their masters' and mistresses' names. They don't call them Lady or Lord So and So, but simply by the last name. Thus, Earl Cork's servant would be called Cork, and in the Servants' Hall they are seated at the housekeeper's side in exactly the same grade of rank as that observed by their masters and mistresses upstairs."

A description of what real magnificence characterized some of the social events in New York is furnished by the following:

"After my brother and his wife," he says, "arrived in New York in the winter of 1890-91, Mrs. Bradley Martin gave the ball at the Waldorf Hotel on the 10th of February, 1897, as her husband was not large enough to receive 500 guests. His only desire was that even as regarded costly people should order them in New York rather than send to Paris for them; and so for that reason the invitations were sent out only just in time for the ball, thus preventing those invited from departing from Paris."

"This was a tremendous benefit and helped to stimulate trade, which was at that time of the year at a very low ebb owing to a temporary depression. Hence many of the shops sold out all their beautiful broads and aristocratic odds and ends and stuffs which no doubt had been lying on their shelves for years.

"Shortly before the ball took place

from. Double-sided Records (two in one) sell for 90c.—buy them that way if the combination pleases you; we'll send you a sample by mail, on receipt of 10c. extra for postage. Oh! there is no doubt you will find a host of entertainment in the



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Mathieu's Syrup

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

stops the cold at once. It does more, however, than stop the cold. It strengthens the body, and cures the skin, so that it becomes strong and healthy, and resists the ordinary attacks of disease.

If you value health, buy Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.

Large bottle 25 cents, from dealers.

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When Thinking of Xmas Gifts, Remember the Gram-o-phone and this

trade mark

## H. A. CODY

Have you heard of him? He is famous in the far north, and is fast becoming famous the world over as a writer of fiction. His new book "The FRONTIERSMAN" has just arrived. We have six copies in our lending library and several to sell. Rent it and you will be sure to buy it. Other good ones just arrived are:

"THE STAMPEDE," by White.  
"ROSE IN THE RING," by McCutcheon.  
"THE RIGHT STUFF," by Jan Hay.  
"THE HUSBAND'S STORY," by Phillips.  
"SUSAN CLEGG," by Ann Warner.

Watch for Serviss' new novel shortly.

**Littles**  
BOOK STORE  
Agent for Waterman's Red Fountain Pens

one of my family met Theodore Roosevelt in the street and said to him:

"I am so pleased that you and your wife are coming to the ball!"

"Oh," he replied, "we're staying here only a few days I did not put on my evening suit, and last night, you being a foreigner, I found myself ranked above all the others, and had to take precedence of those who were travelling with dukes, earls and viscounts. I ranked them all and took in the housekeeper to dinner, and my mortification was great when I noticed that every one of the men around the table was in evening clothes, and I alone was in my ordinary black suit!"

The remittance one's memory is extremely good, going back over the years for details of descriptions.

"The scene within the ballroom was dazzling," he says. "The white and gold panels of the Waldorf Hotel gleamed through ancient tapestries, foliage plants and tropical flowers, and the broad wall mirrors sent back in electric rays reflections of beauty and wealth and the historical characters in the ballroom, that made us sit up straighter. When the chair is near the top it is short; but when they lengthen as the ground is approached, there is a tendency to swing; and the wind gives impetus to the steplike, safety depending upon the height and until it has tilted himself almost to the top it is impossible for him to see whether or not the hook has been properly adjusted. More than once a steel hook has slipped with a jerk, the iron and the collection of soap have so thickened the wall that the hook is merely balanced on the top, so that this slight jar causes the hook to fall, with a sharp report; and when they lengthen again, the bricks are often loose at the top, and the hook is likely to tear them away.

One of the natural difficulties to overcome is the swaying of all the steppes and stairs, and the gale-point will sway a foot and a half. Usually it sways from seven to nine inches. Painting it means reaching for a spot on the right side, and climbing up the left side, and making a dive for it on the left, to see it sway back to the right. Yet in spite of the constant danger, a bold steeplejack exists in his work, and it is amazing like the acrobats who do it. Again, the bricks are often loose at the top, and the hook is likely to tear them away.

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"It seems cruel to me," he says, "that any one with such a noble heart as my sister-in-law, whose one desire was to help everybody in all directions, should have been attacked by Socialists in the country because she thought of giving this fancy ball."

The winter that Ward McAllister, Henry le Grand Cannon and Mrs. Parsons died, made a tremendous impression on Mr. Martin as a change of epochs.

"Three of the most prominent people could drop out and yet everything apparently went on just the same," he says. "There has never been any one like them in the social world, neither have I come across their like in any country that I have visited. They were so full of life and activity and kept so to the front that one could never realize that the hand of death would sweep them away."

King Edward's remark seems only too true. My five years' experience of Edmonton socially, would, if I wrote what I have really seen, readily prove it. It is not getting there that's holding on when you've reached the top. And by the way—I almost believe, that some day, under a thin guise, I shall write of conditions and people as I have known them.

## WORK OF A STEEPLEJACK

The Fascination and Perils of Working on Towers and Very High Modern Buildings

The successful "steeplejack" must possess determination, perseverance and ingenuity. He must solve many a practical problem in hoisting great bodies aloft. He must know how to fasten a hook over the summit of a sky-scraping chimney. He must have the nerve to paint a steeple that sways like a pendulum at the slender top. He must be able to tear down, build up, gild, paint, place electric wires and do many another task that would be difficult enough on the solid earth.

But a steeple is not the most difficult height to climb. Straight, tall chimneys are the hardest of all. There a man has to work with might and main to lift himself inch by inch from the ground to the top. Sometimes the top pulley is placed over the edge; the hook is made fast, the swinging pulley is hauled up, and work begins.

When the chair is near the top it is short; but when they lengthen as the ground is approached, there is a tendency to swing; and the wind gives impetus to the steplike, safety depending upon the height and until it has tilted himself almost to the top it is impossible for him to see whether or not the hook has been properly adjusted. More than once a steel hook has slipped with a jerk, the iron and the collection of soap have so thickened the wall that the hook is merely balanced on the top, so that this slight jar causes the hook to fall, with a sharp report; and when they lengthen again, the bricks are often loose at the top, and the hook is likely to tear them away.

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"Others had told me of the great good Dodd's Kidney Pills had done them, and I determined to try them. So here goes:

Gravel, Drossy and Diabetes are all either Kidney Diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys. The easy and natural way to cure them is to use Dodd's Kidney Pill. They never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

**A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE****The Lost Art of Conversation**

(By a French contributor) The winter season is opening. London is itself again, and the problem of "filling the long evenings" has once more to be solved. Social functions are being prepared with the usual British elaborateness, diplomacy and tact, and her ladyship—beyond any doubt the ideal hostess of Europe—is busy preparing lists of parties, lists of guests, and lists—attractions.

The dressmakers are hard at work. Fashions are so fickle in these days that a gown ceases to be the latest in a few weeks' time! The florists are besieged with orders. The maid wears a festive air. The carpets have been vacuum-cleaned, and knick-knacks brought back from a recent trip abroad adorn the cabinets in the drawing-room, an Italian "master" (?) discovered in Venice, Florence, or Sienna has been hung conspicuously, and replaces the Cromie or the Constable of old—a great pity, by the way.

The cast is complete in every noble house; the orchestra is in tune, the footlights—I mean the fires—are lit; the curtain is about to rise on the classical society performances.

**A Mismamed Room**

There have been present at several of those delicate and difficult preparations. And everywhere have heard the same remark pronounced in a tone of unmistakable anxiety:

"What shall we do with our guests this winter?" which really amounts to this: "What shall we make our guests do at the coming parties?"

This word "do" gives much suggestion, and the reflections suggested

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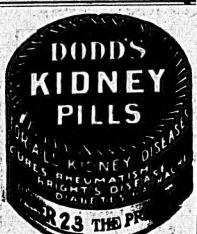
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by it form the substance of this article.

Play, why should one do something at an home, party, reception, evening, or whatever you may choose to call it? If I am not mistaken, the words parlour and drawing-room are synonymous, and a parlour is a room where one talks—from the French verb "parler" or the French noun "parlor." As Alcott, the American author, wrote:

"The house stands for comfort and conversation, and parlors were misnamed if not peopled with ideas."

If, then, drawing-rooms are places where one talks, places specially fitted and disposed for conversation, for the interchange of thought, why should hostesses be worried about "doings," if it were not that conversation is dead or dying? Why should we have played ping-pong a few seasons ago, and why should we play bridge nowadays, whenever we find ourselves in a parlour?

**A Suggestion to Hostesses**

The wisdom of nations consists of those mysterious phrases which describe things that do not exist—has descended that "Speech is silver and silence golden."

It appears to be a favorite proverb in England. Yet, like most proverbs, it is deceptive. Speech has done for humanity all that silence has neglected to do. Silence is generally the system of the schemer, but often the refuge of the cowardly and the ignorant. Speech suggests youth, conviction, hope and passion; silence breathes solitude, narrow-mindedness and the worst of philosophies; that of course.

The art of conversation requires from its adepts no irrepressible transparency, no Latin volubility, sharp wit, or universal knowledge. It requires only common sense, the facility of thinking for oneself, and courage. And, let it be said, these happen to be essentially British characteristics. Consequently all that is needed is the overthrow of the old wall of conversation and routine.

When one fully grasps what zest "real" conversation adds to life, the marvellous sympathies it is capable of creating, the good it may do, and its far-reaching power, one cannot very well conceive how such a wonderful factor of interest and happiness can be neglected.

"Why should not English hostesses, taking advantage of the charming and autocratic power which is their privileged possession, encourage their guests to be themselves?"

**Avoiding the Ladies**  
This is no idle problem or insignificant topic. It is of momentous importance. Is conversation dying away in this country—and elsewhere? For France herself, the acknowledged land of scintillating talkers, the home of tabloid conversations and dazzling wit, of sparkling aphorisms, fascinating paradox, and original views on everything and everybody, is rapidly—and absurdly—losing its reputation. The salons on l'ou cause will soon be as rare as they are in this country, though there will always be some "life" and "thought" in a Paris drawing-room owing to the spontaneous character of the French, their natural loquacity and often abused demonstrativeness.

After dinner, in France as in England, the men retire to smoke, and avoid as long as possible the drawing-room, the ladies, and the necessary few words of conversation, with unanimous cowardice. When, at last, they slowly return to the talking-room, they feel relieved only when the bridge tables have been prepared. For bridge has conquered Paris as it did London, and it has become the only "intellectual" medium capable of spanning the river of mutual distrust which separates the feminine and the masculine elements of so-called social gatherings.

It cannot be denied that just as picture post-cards have killed the exquisite art of letter-writing, bridge and other pastimes are rapidly replacing the gentle, subtle, and delightful art of conversation. It is a lost art today; it may be dead tomorrow.

The problem is worthy of consideration. Many people declare that "we have lost the art of conversation because we play bridge." It were more true to say "We play bridge because we have lost the art of conversation" for conversation was dying long before the fascinating game invaded this country and conquered it with such hopeless—and eloquent—facility.

**Artificial Trivialities**

It requires no great psychological capacity or intuitive power to discover the cause underlying this abnormal state of things in England, at least.

As years pass by the conditions of life alter. Evolution will have its way, but it is powerless against one stumbling-block in this country, and that is the British traditional spirit

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in the matter of social functions. With a few brilliant exceptions, no one talks in this country. It is not that no one can talk; I only mean that no one dare talk, except to utter heart-rending commonplace, hackneyed aphorisms, obsolete sayings, and preposterous quotations.

Yet nowhere as in England are there to be found so many interesting beings, so many self-educated, self-taught, self-abasing, self-made persons. England is crowded with people who can say something every time they speak, as the Americans picturesquely put it; crowded with women of unparalleled refinement and subtle genius, and men of rare achievements, uncommon talents, and unique experiences.

Yet they, like the others, prefer not to "say something."

"Why?" Because this country in that particular respect is ruled, drastically, by an antiquated and fatal routine. Because it is bad form to talk about oneself or the subject on which one is admittedly

specially informed. As if a person's own experiences were less interesting than second-hand or hearsay narratives! Because in England, otherwise known as the land of liberty and enlightened wisdom, the home of tolerance and generosity, to make a truly "new" and bold assertion, whether sincere or not, amounts to a social solecism.

Because convention and prejudice reign supreme and because originality is nipped in the bud by a sort of tacit agreement which is at the base of English etiquette. Because a remark which does not express the average feeling or idea of the average person present is at once taxed as incongruous and tactless.

It will be objected that in certain salons one meets men and women—generally artists or authors—who are allowed to say what they please. Quite so. They are allowed to ventilate their opinions, whatever these may be, and the more daring and startling their statements are, the better pleased are their hosts. They

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**RAIN IN THE COUNTRY**

When it rains in the country what do the folks do?

Well, listen a moment, and I will tell you.

"Tis pleasant to think of the pleasure we get

When all of the world is all drizzle and wet

When work can't be done in the garden or field,

And there's nothing hunting no pleasure will yield,

When kitchens are cosy, and parlors invite,

When the child and the rain is at its full height,

When it rains in the country what do the folks do?

Ah! Could you but see us all snug from the dew!

No frolicing, no work, because of the rain,

And, O! it is restful, the beat on the panel!

No barking, no shopping, no concerts, no shows,

What do we really? You ask me again?

When it rains in the country, we just let it rain.

—Joe Cain in the Boston Herald.

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## HOME AND SOCIETY

The Westward Ho chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, have decided to hold their annual Military Ball Poudre in the Cecil Hotel dining room on December 20th. May always struck me as a bit late for a very successful dance, though the Ball Poudre have always been among the most notable dances ever held in the Capital.

Mrs. Furguhson has sent out invitations for an "At Home" on Tuesday next, in honor of her sister, Miss Mac Alpine of Halifax, who is spending the winter with her.

I believe in the evening there will be an informal dance for the younger set.

Mrs. Howard Douglas has chosen the first Thursday of the month for her reception day instead of the 1st Wednesday, which is the day kept by the other residents of the Rene Lemarchand Mansion.

Mrs. H. F. Whittaker will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday next, Nov. 9th, at her residence, 373 Third street, and afterwards on the 3rd Thursday of each month.

Mrs. Harold Richards is giving an evening Bridge on Tuesday next.

On Saturday Miss Jean Forsythe had a Matinee Bridge of two tables for Mrs. Macdonald Hogg, of London, England, who arrived on Thursday last for a visit to her niece, Miss Harold Richards. The other guests were: Mrs. Leving, Mrs. Richard's mother, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Dickins, Madame Martin, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Dr. Ella Syrge. Miss Forsythe received in a pretty black gown and sang for the little company following an hour at the popular game, thus adding very much to the enjoyment of the occasion. When the tea-hour arrived Miss Mackie came in and brewed the tea, and assisted Miss Forsythe in her duties as hostess.

I hear of an engagement, not new, but never publicly announced, which I hope to tell you of next week.

Mrs. M. S. McCarthy, of Calgary, arrived in town on Tuesday to visit Mrs. T. W. Lines.

Owing to the amount of business transacted at the quarterly meeting of the Local Council of Women, Oct. 27th, there was unfortunately no time for the talk that Mrs. Broadus was to give. Mrs. Broadus has, however, kindly consented to give her address on "The Spirit of Fellowship—the Evolution of a Social Ideal Reflected in English Literature" to the members of the Local Council and their friends, on Wednesday, November 23rd at 4 p.m. in the Y.M.C.A. hall. After the lecture tea will be served. It is hoped that the members of the local council will show their appreciation of Mrs. Broadus' kindness by a full attendance. (Mrs.) L. Kneil, secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Pardee will also go out to their new house some time late this month, when the bank boys will take their present fine quarters.

Miss Margaret Cuthbert had the misfortune at last week-end to fall from her horse, while out riding, and break her ankle.

Miss Cuthbert was out in the country some six or seven miles at the time, with a party of friends, and though an expert horsewoman, owing to her hat blowing down over her eyes, she was unable to save herself. Very luckily, she rode the whole distance back, but has since been confined to her bed with a very painful foot.

Keat Major and Mrs. Cuthbert intend to move about the middle of the month into their new house. After Christmas Mrs. Cuthbert expects to go south for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne have moved into town from their farm for the winter.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald and her sister Miss Lena Kerr will receive at "Glencoe" on Wednesday next for the first time this season. Afterwards Mrs. Macdonald will resume her former abode the 4th and 4th Wednesdays.

Mrs. Bert Woods of Calgary, is expected in town for the opening of the Provincial Legislature, and will be Mrs. Mr. Jennings' guest.

Mr. Vernon Barford's pupils have

resumed their monotonous recitals, the first taking place last Saturday in All Saints' schoolroom. These recitals are open to everyone interested in music, and are always very well worth going to. I hope to announce the other dates each month in advance.

Miss Mary Campbell, the artist, is having an exhibition of her china and paintings in the Imperial Shoe store on Friday and Saturday next, everything on exhibition being of course, purchasable as well.

I need add, how very highly Miss Campbell's work is thought of by those competent to judge. Long ago Miss Campbell had made a name for herself among the artists in Toronto and other centres, and her trip abroad for the purpose of gaining new experience, and the benefit of study in the Old Country, and on the continent, has added fresh laurels to her crown and greater value to her work.

The sale will be sketches done abroad, and a very interesting collection of both china and paintings as well.

I have been asked to call the attention of those who have not responded to their invitations to the Assembly dances, to the necessity for a speedy reply. The secretary must have the money and answer both in before a ticket can be procured, and no ticket no dance is to be the rule.

More than that, the answer must be in before the first Assembly or the committee will not supply one.

As the dances are to be strictly limited to a certain number, it is imperative that the subscriptions should be in early, so that the secretary will know what arrangements are to be made.

The first dance will be held Friday, November 13th, and the committee consist of Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. N. D. Beck, Mrs. E. C. Pardee, Mrs. Swanson, Mrs. R. P. Barnes, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. S. B. Woods. The Hon. Secretary-treasurer being Mr. W. R. Barnes.

Miss Crosskill returned from a most enjoyable visit to Banff and Calgary on Thursday, having been away well on to two months. During her absence Miss Shibley has been with Mrs. Crosskill, but I believe intends taking rooms in the Wize block almost at once.

Mrs. Garnet G. Morris will receive for the first time this season on Monday, at her home 537 Sixteenth street, and afterwards on the 1st and 3d Monday of the month.

The Premier and Mrs. Sifton will hold their first reception at their home, "Garry Kenagh," corner Victoria Avenue and Sixth street, on Thursday evening, Nov. 10th, from 9 to 12 o'clock.

I understand that no cards are being issued for the occasion, but that the Premier and his wife hope to welcome all of those who would have called, had they been settled sooner, and able to receive them.

For the opening ceremonies Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Van Wart and Mrs. Sisley will be the guests of Premier and Mrs. Sifton. I believe they are expected in town on Wednesday night and will remain for a visit.

Mrs. Cornwall arrived from the north on Saturday, and is en pension at the Alberta Hotel. Mr. Cornwall is expected some time early, next week. I hear they are likely to take a furnished house for the winter.

Mrs. Lowes returned to Calgary on Friday. During her stay in town Mrs. Lowes has made shoals of friends, who will be delighted to see her back here again, whenever she can tear herself away from her beloved Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cross returned from the east on Saturday.

Well, here we are on the eve of another season! This year there will be no opening reception at Government House, as its gentle mistress is not yet returned from her summer home, not feeling yet able, or up to, entertaining.

I know, however, the Governor expects to have her back about the end of November. Mrs. Sifton, the Premier's wife, will however, hold a levee on that night, as announced elsewhere in these columns, so that the opening of the legislature will still be of interest from a social point of view.

Mrs. Pardee's new chamber hostess, a smart little tea room Friday last in honor of Mrs. Lowes of Calgary. The delightful rooms and limited number of guests, made the hour over the tea-cups a particularly pleasant one, it being possible to have a quiet chat with one's intimates without the usual flurry and interruptions.

Both hostess and guest of honor were looking particularly well, and wear costumes of varying shades of mauve.

Mrs. Pardee's gown was rather severely cut empire; the only ornament

tation being some rat-tailed trimming on the bodice. Mrs. Lowes wore a lovely frock of palest mauve, with quantities of exquisite real lace, a stunning black velvet picture hat with black and white plumes, and some splendid diamond and pearl ornaments. Tea was served in happy intimacy in the big cheery living room, Mrs. Nightingale, beautifully frocked, presiding at a table done with some fine gold "mums," and lit by candles in quaint silver sticks.

Among those who came in for tea, I noticed: Mrs. Mowat Biggar, Mrs. Kerr, wife of Professor Kerr, of Alberta University, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Swanson, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. St. Crook, Mrs. Harry Evans, a new and very sweet bride, Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. Cauldry, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Hughes, a comparatively new-comer whom everyone seems to have taken a fancy to; Miss Hudspeth, Mrs. Sydney B. Woods, Mrs. O'Kelly, Miss Baldwin, a pretty vivacious girl, dressed in a lovely soft shade of blue with hat in suite; Miss Hawes, in a green tailor-made suit and large picture hat; Mrs. Percy Hardisty, sister of the hostess, who was wearing a most becoming frock and looking very sweet and attractive; and assisting Mrs. Pardee in looking after her guests.

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Mrs. Garnet G. Morris will receive for the first time this season on Monday, at her home 537 Sixteenth street, and afterwards on the 1st and 3d Monday of the month.

Mrs. Howard Douglas had a great many callers drop in to welcome her to town on Wednesday last, her cosy at the Rene Lemarchand Mansion being filled with an ever-shifting throng of well-known people.

Mrs. Douglas received in a very becoming gown of soft old rose with handsome garnitures, and was assisted by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Roy Douglas, prettily frocked in green. In the tea-room where delicious dainties were served, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. R. P. Barnes presided at a table attractively done in rose chrysanthemums on a lace centre-piece over rose satin; Miss Marjorie Beck and Miss Phyllis Barnes were the wto pretty assistants. In the half-some splendid trophies gave many of the callers cause to stop and go into ecstasies over one magnificent bull-buffalo's head, presented to Mrs. Douglas by Michael Pablo himself, being one of the finest specimens on the continent, and enough to command an abundance of admiration.

In the reception room were two beautiful color sketches, sketched by C. M. Russell, the noted cow-boy artist of Great Falls, Montana, and in the hall a framed letter with two tiny water-color drawings from him, which host and hostess treasure among their most cherished possessions. A great artist this, and over the tea-cups a friend told me the fascinating story of his life, which led one back to the pictures and served to explain how he comes to have his anatomy so perfect, and why his pictures move and have positive being, as even the most casual onlooker can see.

I mean to know and write of this man's work, some time soon. I want to know the man behind the pictures.

Being down town on Thursday afternoon, I followed the steady stream of shoppers to Campbell's beautifully refitted furniture store, lured in by a peep at the windows, which disclosed the most tempting array of furnishings to make a home attractive.

In the east window, a beautifully arranged bed-room in mahogany—lovely little four-poster bed, dressing-table, bureau, table and chairs—graceful of line, and exquisite in workmanship, held a court of its own on the other side of the window-pane.

This arranging of rooms, on the ideal home plan, is a capital idea. Some people can never picture just how a spot will look, unless they see it as it will be, actually every piece in place. Not content with this one demonstration, however, Mr. Campbell had a succession of rooms. Bedrooms in mahogany, in the most alluring old-fashioned lines, with tall-boys and low-boys complete as they might have looked in cedar-vig, and from this on to Chinese with white-washed furniture beds-sheets with the sweetest and most drowsing beds and dressers, in fact any possible kind of bedroom any taste might desire.

To add to their attractiveness, the drapings of old chintz and soft curtains were also employed, while great pots of red roses, lit by tiny

electric bulbs, cast a soft glow over all.

On the east side were a succession of ideal dining-rooms. Some in mahogany on the style of old-country rooms; the side-board being massive rather than ornate, and relying on beautiful simplicity in its lines and curves, for its telling effects. Others again in Circassian walnut, quarter-cut oak, and so on. Mr. Campbell told me he expected a suite in London Smoke, or French gray, which would be different from anything yet shown in the city.

Over the hung large lantern shades, and in the centre were plants and ferns, exactly as one would expect in any artistically furnished home.

Some of the rugs were very fine, and I went upstairs, for a glimpse of some of the best of them, and to look at the curtainings and coverings of which there is a splendid range. At this time when so many new names are going up, and so many women are freshening up their rooms generally, a walk through Campbell's store should be of the greatest help, and will also furnish an hour's very pleasant occupation.

PEGGY.

### A SONG OF THE RANGE.

The haw of a steer to a cowboy's ear is music of sweetest strain,  
And she yelling notes of the gray coyotes to him are a glad refrain;

The rapid beat of his bronco's feet on the sod as he speeds along

Keeps 'livin' time to the ringing rhyme of his rollicking cowboy song.

His eyes are bright and his heart is light as the smoke of his cigarette,

There's never a care for his soul to bear, no trouble to make him feel;

For a kindly croon in the noisy town his saddle he would not change—

No life so free as the life we see 'way out on the cattle range.

Hi-dol Hi-lay!

to the range away

On the deck of a bronk of steel

With a corless flint

On the rawhide quirt

And a dig of the roweled heel.

The winds may howl,

And the thunder growl,

Or the breezes may softly moan,

The ride's life

Is the life for me,

The saddle a kingly throne.

At the long day's close he his bronco throws with the bunch in the boss corral,

And a light he spires in the bright blue eye of his welcoming rancher gal;

Tis a light that tells of the love that dwells in the soul of his little dear, And a kiss he slips to her waiting lips when no one is watching near.

His glad thoughts stray to the coming day when away to the town they'll ride,

And the nuptial brand by the parson's hand will be placed on his bonnie bride,

And they'll gallop back to the old home shack in the life that is new and strange—

The rider bold an dthe girl of gold, the queen of the cattle range.

Hi-dol Hi-lay!

For the work is phy-

When love's in the cowboy's eyes,

(When his heart is light

As the clouds of white

That swim in the summer skies;

And his jolly song

Speeds the hours along

As he thinks o the little gal

With the golden hair

(Who'll be waiting there

At the gate of the home-corral

James Barton Adams, in New York Sun.

### AVIATION SICKNESS IS LATEST

Paris, Nov. 4.—A French physiologist discovered what he calls aviation sickness, which he believes is accountable for many tragic accidents which happen to flyers. It is due, he says, to depression of the diaphragm caused by the rarity of the air at a certain height above the sea level and the speed and vibration of the aeroplane besides the disturbance of brain centers in which are localized the sense of equilibrium. He hopes science will find a means of counteracting these effects.

### WORKS HARD AND WEIGHS 363

Windsor, Me., Nov. 4.—Maine's fattest man, Charles L. Carey, although he tips the scales at 363 pounds, works like a beaver every day on his farm.

"Maybe you wouldn't believe it comes from six to eight yards of cloth to make him a suit of clothes. Mr. Carey is a light eater. He eats some meat, but mostly bread, butter, and potatoes, but drinks little or no milk or cream."



Brownsmith: "Bravo, old man; you ought to be with Carl Rosa."

Amateur Tenor (who has just assassinated "Thora"): "But Carl Rosa's dead."

Brownsmith: "Yes, I know."

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**SIX MEN AND THEIR PASSING**  
(Brandon Sun.)

When the hand of death fell upon E. King-Dodds, at Toronto the other day, the soul of the last of probably the greatest sextette of newspaper men Canada has ever known went out to its Maker.

**AIRSHIP, A TARIFF SMASHER**

(Montreal Herald)  
The late Henry George foresaw the airship disaster and recognized in it a terrible destruction. That is what he says about it in his book on "Protection and Free Trade".

"The directness, the swiftness, and the weightlessness of the airship cleave the clouds naturally creating the storm. His Fahey has always given angels wings, and he has ever dreamed of a time when the power of traversing the air would be available to man. His invention, though, would be a misfortune to man. For it would make protection impossible. Every inland town and village, every road and railway, would at once become a port of an all-embracing ocean, and the only way in which any people could continue to enjoy the blessings of protection would be to roof their country in."

Brilliant, brainy and clever as these men were none of them ever got beyond a packhorse for his party, and probably all suffered the pang of disappointed hopes. They made and unmade men of parliament, and governments, too, perhaps, for in those days cash or graft was not the factor in politics that it is today. By their oratory or brilliant writing in countless political contests these men turned victory into defeat or defeat into victory—and some one else got whatever there was in it. Any one of these six men was of cabinet calibre, and even better than that when one considers the average of those who have won seats on the treasury benches at Toronto and Ottawa.

Jim Fahey was probably the greatest paragrapher, and one of the wittiest speakers Canada has produced. He was the first to disappear from the scene. It was hard that grie夫 him, and perhaps it did, but Fahey, good soul that he was, was hammed no man. Davin, his spirit broken by disappointment, shot himself in his room in a Winnipeg hotel.

Patullo, the maker of the greatest country newspaper in Canada, the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, suicided in London, England.

Ned Clarke, succumbed to a sudden illness at his home in Toronto.

Alex. Pirie, prince of good fellows, warm-hearted, an eloquent after-dinner speaker, and one of the cleverest of writers, driven to despair by domestic troubles and political ingratitude, put a bullet through his brain in his home at Dundas.

And now, King Dodds, the silver-tongued orator of thirty years ago, and one of the finest of friends of legitimate sport, after five years of blindness, has crossed the bar.

Each man of the six gave the best that was in him for his party and his country. Countless thousands owe one or other of them a debt of gratitude, for what each did was not done for himself, but for some one else. Bright, clever, witty, true and great Canadians were Fahey, Davin, Patullo, Pirie, Clarke and King Dodds. Let us forget how some of them died, for we know nothing of their heartsache, but some of us saw their work and know something about what they did, and we know that the world is better because these men lived.

**AN ENVIRABLE NOTORIETY**

Ethel Leenee has had sixteen offers of marriage. Music hall proprietors are offering her large sums if she will go upon the stage. Newspapers will pay high prices for her story of her experiences with Dr. Craig. But all the glamor which the dispatches are throwing around the piffling figure of Ethel Leenee cannot make her slight other than it is. An offer of marriage made under such circumstances, cannot be said to hold out promise of happiness, nor could peace of mind be won by appearing upon the stage.

To spread the sad story of her life upon the public page, might satisfy the morbid minds of such as feed upon the false, but to the girl herself, it could hardly be other than a mental crucifixion.

If there are those of immature years or mind who are inclined either to admire or envy Miss Leenee, they have a poor conception of realities, for she is neither heroine nor martyr. The kindest thing which the world can do is to let her go, to let her, as the Detroit Journal puts it, "slink off for a while now, to suffer in solitude and silence"; or, as the Baltimore American remarks, "to permit the veil to close about her that she may go her

way and find such legitimate factors of contentment as may yet afford her punishment for moral delinquency will be fearful, as administered through the medium of remorse." Toronto Star.

P. Mall Gazette.

**THE LONE EXCEPTION**

The high cost of living, this time of Thanksgiving, has filled us with sorrow profound; Our prospects of turkey are misty and murky.

With birds at a quarter a pound, What chance has a fellow to take home a yellow Ripe pumpkin for lanterns—and pies?

We say to the grocer, "At such prices, no, sir." Although it brings tears to our eyes.

When we were younger we staved off our hunger.

With turkey and chicken and such;

When twelve o'clock beckoned we never then reckoned If dinner cost little or much.

But now it's surprising how prices keep rising;

Whenever we walk in the street.

And, returning, inquire, are they always much higher—

Yet one lone exception we meet.

It furnishes reason for joy at this season

On which we may safely depend; Teas, starches, and rices have dropped in their prices

In spite of the popular trend;

And Jim Lee and Hop Now and each laundry shop, now

Till well towards the end of next March,

Will stiffen 'em stronger and make 'em last longer,

And charge us no more for the starch.

—A. S. HART.

**KAISER AND ROOSEVELT TALK "LIKE WINDMILLS"**

So Acknowledges the Emperor When Questioned as to Which of them Made the Most Conversation

Berlin, Nov. 4.—A brand new Kaiser-Roosevelt year is going the rounds of the Berlin courts and society. An eminent Harvard professor, who recently was developed sufficient courage to address the following question to the emperor at a gala dinner at the castle:

"Your majesty, how many Americans has been wondering who talked the most when you and Roosevelt got together?"

Ever since the Kaiser began cultivating Americans a few years ago he has accustomed himself to their unconventionalities, so the poser from the Harvard scholar jarred the ear lord not a whit.

"O, I really don't know about that," he responded, smilingly. "All I know is that the people who saw us together said it was just like a couple of windmills."

**Seventy Nine Years Young****"Fruit-a-tives" Keeps Health Perfect**

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 19th 1910.

"I am a seventy-nine-year-old old man, and a great believer in, and user of, "Fruit-a-tives". It is the only medicine I take, and I can assure you that "Fruit-a-tives" keeps me in my present good health."

Stricture of the Bowels, was the complaint I suffered from time to time, and "Fruit-a-tives" has done more for me than any other remedy. My doctor advised me to stick to "Fruit-a-tives" and I have done so with the best results."

I have been in business here for a good many years, and have been a resident of Ottawa for over forty years, and if you think my reference from me will serve to induce some others to try "Fruit-a-tives" I hereby authorize its publication.

WM. PARSONS.

Obstinate Constipation, Paralysis of the Bowels and Stricture of the Bowels may never be cured by common purgatives, salts, enemas, "liver pills" and oil which have positively no action on the liver. They do not increase the secretion of bile, which is provided by the liver. They may even irritate the membranes lining the intestines. One may as well try to cure a headache by pounding one's head against a stone wall, as to try to cure Constipation with common purgatives. "Fruit-a-tives" is fruit juice in nervously tonic, and will always restore the liver to its proper condition, and cure many obstinate cases of Constipation.

See a box for \$4.50, retail size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



Head Cashier of the Dazzle Deep Mining Syndicate: "The offices were broken into this morning!"

Chairman D. C. S.: "What did the burglars do?"

Cashier: "They carried off \$2,000 belonging to the shareholders—"

Chairman: "Ha! Ha! What clever scoundrels these burglars are!"

Cashier: "—and your gold-mounted umbrella."

Chairman: "Oh the villains! Send round to Scotland Yard at once."

CHAMBERLAIN

1/4 SIZES

J. Cooke COLLARS

wear like iron—are flexible—adjust themselves to the neck—and have generous tie space.

They fit — 2 for a Quarter

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## HASSAN

Cork Tipped

## Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price  
and fine quality

### CATCH OF 212,000 HERRINGS.

London, Oct. 18.—Less than 212,000 herrings, caught during a 24-hour trip, were brought to Yarmouth yesterday by the Lowestoft boat Playmate, while 100,000 were landed by another boat.

### Love for Love's Sake.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught:

Except for love's sake only. Do not say:

"I love her for her smile, her look, her way

Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought

That falls in well with mine, and certes brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a

day—  
For these things in themselves, belowed, may  
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so wrought,  
May see un wrought so. Neither love me for

Thine own dear pitys wiping my checks dry,

Since one might well forget to weep who bore

Thy comfort long and lose thy dove thereby.

But love me for love's sake, that evermore

Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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Capital Paid Up, \$5,400,000 Reserve Fund, \$5,400,000.00

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Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West

Your Savings Account  
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have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

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### HUNTING FOR PENSION FRAUDS

The Secret Service is not the only department of the government's investigating force where nerve and the ability to think quickly in the face of death is demanded of its men. In the Pension Bureau there is a group of inclined investigators who are frequently called upon to match their wits against circumstances where a false step might mean a bullet in their hearts or a knife stab in their backs.

These men are seldom or ever heard of in the stories of thrilling adventure which are told of the government's servants who have to do with protecting the National Treasury from fraud. It is a rule of the Pension Bureau never to speak of its business, except such of it as is required in the annual report of the Pension Commissioner.

But the seal of silence which is figuratively placed over the lips of the Pension Bureau employees is sometimes broken when men leave the department and enter other vocations. Thus it was that the following story came to the ears of a "Times" reporter. It was told by a man who for many years was one of the Pension Bureau's staff of investigators whose duty it is to gather all facts concerning a pensioner or the applicant for a pension whose claim looks suspicious on its face. This former employee of the Bureau is now a lawyer in Washington. He considers this adventure his closest call.

I had been in the employ of the Pension Bureau several years," he said and had come to be looked upon as a man to trust with ticklish jobs, when one day my superior officer called me in and told me to investigate the claim of a mountaineer living in one of the wildest parts of Tennessee. The man's claim had been held up pending investigation, so I knew to start with that I, as a representative of the Pension Bureau, would not be looked upon as a friend. I knew, too, that the district was one of the most wicked in the State.

"And whatever I failed to know was soon supplied by my fellow-investigators. They informed me that several revenue agents had been murdered there not long before; that most of the mountaineers would shoot a stranger as quickly as they would bite off a chew of tobacco. But I had been bad places before, and did not lose my nerve.

"Not long after I landed at a little railway station hired a buggy and driver, and drove over twelve of the worst miles of mountain trail I have ever seen. We reached the mountaineer's place long after dark. The driver, who had been telling me how bad a man this chap was—well, call him Jones, principally because that isn't his name—refused to alight and accompany me to the cabin. So, without leaving the buggy, I began to climb. The cabin was quite dark. A pack of dogs began barking at the sound of my voice.

"Those in the cabin were awake. I knew, but still no answering shout. Suddenly it occurred to me to tell them who I was, so I yelled: "I'm a friend from the Pension Bureau in Washington, and I've come to see you about that pension." I knew that they had probably taken me for a Revenue Agent, and would not relish an inspection. There was a pause, then came a shout from one of the dark windows:

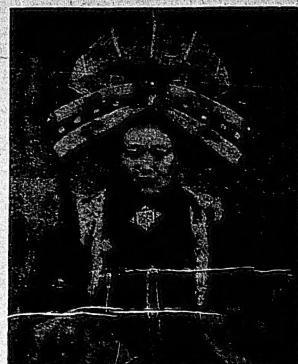
"All right. Come in." A moment later a light appeared and the dogs were called off.

"Leaving the driver to return to the railway station settlement, I approached the cabin. I was sure that a rifle was trained on me each step of the way, but I could not see it. A tap on the door and it swung open, revealing one of the roughest specimens of Tennessee mountaineer I ever saw. Behind him was his wife. They gruffly invited me in, and soon got out a snack of corn bread and cold ham for me.

"I sat up late with Smith getting his story. He gave me what purposed to be his war record from start to finish. And when he got through I asked him for the names of some men living in that section who either served in the same company of his regiment or who could swear he fought in the war. He gave me several names.

"I slept there that night. Next day I was met by the buggy and went to see the mountaineers whom Smith had told me were in the same regiment and company with him. But to each place I went Smith preceded me. Although I drove as fast as I could from one cabin to another, and some of them were many miles apart, he was always there first. And he travelled by foot.

"The stories told by the other mountaineers corresponded with him. But



THE PAGOH.

A Tibetan woman of the upper class, wearing the Pagoh head-dress, which is ornamented with many turquoise, corals and small pearls, and is interwoven with the woman's own hair. Such a head-dress is worth about \$1,500.

I was not satisfied. I bade him good-bye and left him thinking that I was going home. But I remained in the mountain region. Wandering around there I came across an old negro. I found from him that he had known Smith all his life. Without revealing my identity, I questioned him closely. He and Smith had been playfellows as boys. I asked him where they were

during the war, and he said: "Right here, boss." The old negro said he was sure of that, because while the war was on he and Smith used to bathe in an old water hole, and one day he had rescued Smith.

"I went back to Smith and asked him if he knew the negro. He said they were old friends, and that the negro could tell about how he (Smith) went to the war. I made him believe I was starting for the negro's house. The moment my back was turned he made tracks for the negro's cabin. But I called him back.

"Now, you old fraud," I exclaimed, "I have the goods on you. You needn't see that nigger, for I have his story. You were no more in the Civil War than I was, and let me tell you now you'll never get that pension."

"I never saw so wicked a look come over a man's face. If looks could have killed me I would have died then and there. He thought a moment, turned, and went back to his house. I drove the twelve miles back to the station. Near the station was a small general store. I went there to buy a cigar while waiting for the train. Smith was inside. He had apparently been telling the crowd of mountaineers about me, for as I entered he exclaimed, "There is the—now!"

"Like a flash Smith grabbed a heavy weight from the counter. Every man in the store, except Smith and I, ran. Back went Smith with the arm with the heavy weight. An instant more and it would have come flying at my head. But I had been thinking quickly. Physically I was no match for the man. My revolver was in a saddle outside.

"But from the moment the man had grasped the weight I had been keeping his giant fixed on my eyes. As his hand waved there, I shouted sharply: "Wait! Before you kill me, listen. I am not one of your mountaineers. I am part of the United States Government. Kill me, and you will have a regiment of soldiers upon you to avenge my death. Think of this. Kill me, and your own death is sure to follow."

"Slowly the man's hand lowered and he placed the weight on the counter. I left the store, saying that I would like to part friends and had some time to



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The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of imitations Sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

There's good stuff in that fellow and we need his sort over here," said Jauncey.—From the New York World.

### Rich Cut Glass

Our Cut glass is the product of the best factories, as is quite noticeable by its brilliancy and fine cutting. Come in and see these beautiful goods.

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Jeweller and Optician

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This season's Rayo has a new and strengthened base, which makes the lamp stand the shade on firm and true. Easy to keep polished, as it is made of solid brass, finished in nickel.

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Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the Imperial Oil Company Limited.



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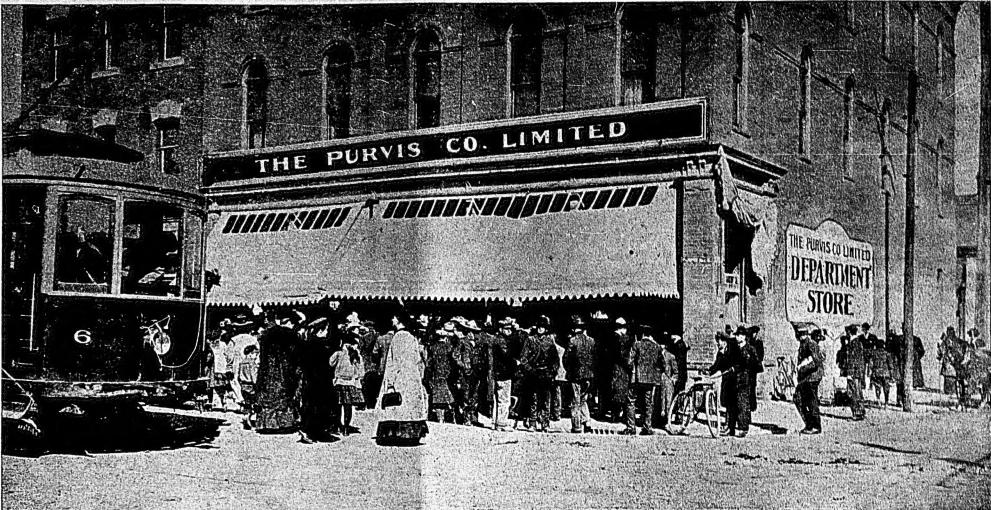
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In all the latest novelties—  
Exclusive Trimmings.



Outside the Purvis Company, Ltd., One of Edmonton's Leading Stores.

### THE QUEEN'S FLEETS

Take for thy throne, my queen, this  
niché, my hand  
Hath carved for thee  
Here in the grey-breast of this dune  
of sand  
That fronts the sea.

In sovereign state aloof, the solitude  
Hedging thee round, as once thy  
maidenhood,

Make me no partner of thy thoughts  
or speech

  in which day and darkness  
meet,

But count me merely jetsam of the  
beach,

Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late  
bird sings,

Voicelss, serene,  
The sea dreams; silence holds all  
lovely things—

And thou art queen!

For silence in the twilight's gold and  
red

Behind thee sits a crown upon thy  
head.

Send forth, O! queen, thy fleets upon  
the main,

Send forth thy daring fleets of  
thought,

And let me wait to hail them home  
again

With riches fraught,

By Fancy captaied send thy flees  
afar,

To win the sea;

Send them to know what spoils in  
ocean are,

What mystery,

What beauty in all things that "suf-  
fered change."

In coral caves to "something rich and  
strange,"

Then bring them home, and I with  
kingly might

Will take their treasure, as it lies

Safe-harbored in the straight, purple  
night,

Of thy dear eyes.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

### WHEN TOURIST MEETS A LION

Sir Frederick Treves Writes of Etiquette to be Followed on Occasion

London, Oct. 29.—"The etiquette to be adopted when a tourist meets a lion in a jungle is described humorously by Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, in his fine book of general interest, which is entitled 'Uganda and Holiday,' and recently published.

Sir Frederick explains in his preface that he visited this part of Africa with the outlook of an "unspecialized traveller"—of the man who merely seeks "somewhere to go."

The tourist coming to British East Africa is sure to inquire as to the line of conduct that should be observed when a lion is encountered by the way," writes Sir Frederick. "In answer to such inquiry I was told that the etiquette suitable for the occasion was the following: If the lion when met with is walking in the opposite direction to the tourist, the animal should be allowed to continue his walk without comment. If, however, the lion stops and stares at the tourist it is proper that the tourist should "Shush" the animal away, as he would an obtrusive goose on a village green.

Should the animal be unmoved by this expression of annoyance, the tourist is advised to throw lumps of earth at the obtuse creature. If, after this, the lion still fails to realize that he is to be left alone, the tourist is recommended to walk away from the spot with such dignity as the strained position demands."

**Conservative Rhinoceros.**  
Sir Frederick Treves has several other things to say about the animals of the wild. "The rhinoceros is the embodiment of blind conservatism," he writes. "Its hide is impenetrable, its vision is weak, while its intellect is weaker. It has, however, two marked qualities—combativeness and a sense of smell. It is aroused to its maximum energy by the presence of anything that is new. This object need not be a thing that is aggressive and inconvenient. Its offensiveness depends on the fact that it is unfamiliar.

"When a rhinoceros smells a man he will charge him with maniacal violence, although the man may be merely sitting on a stool reading Milton. The massive beast will dash at him like a tornado or a runaway locomotive simply because the smell of him is novel. Actuated by this insane hate of whatever terrors of an innovation, the rhinoceros has charged an iron water tank on the outskirts of a town and has crumpled it up as a blacksmith would an empty meat tin.

"A conservative rhinoceros with a sensible dislike of anything new once charged a train on the Uganda railway but with no more serious results than the tearing away of the footboard of a carriage. As regards the rhinoceros in this case, it appeared surprised that a thing composed, as it had imagined, of flesh and blood, could be so hard.

It went off with an additional grievance and an increased swelling of the head."

### THE BABY'S BATH.

(From Judge)

The baby's bath should not be hot. On the other hand, it should not be too cold. If the baby screams, it is a sign that all is not right. In that case dip the hand quickly into the water to ascertain the temperature. The defect may then quickly be remedied. If too hot, add cold water; conversely, if too cold, add hot. Avoid the use of sand soap or of chemicals. Frequent baths should render such article treatment unnecessary. Great care should be exercised to keep the baby's face constantly above water. Enough may be swallowed in a few minutes by the little stranger to cause chronic billiousness.

### GHOSTS IN CONVERSATION

A Fine "First Aid," but Certain Simple Rules Must be Followed.

Ghosts are to conversation what an operation for appendicitis is to one's private thoughts. Have the operation performed and you will never be without entertaining matter for recollection. See a ghost and thereupon you are sure of an audience, for ghosts and tales of ghosts are to the average mind an emotional necessity. Any one ghost will not answer as well as another. There are degrees in ghosts as in social success. There is no reason while meeting ghosts for not exceeding the best. A little forethought is all that is required.

The first point about ghosts is their remoteness. A new ghost is as crass as a new ancestor. There is no use in any ghost that your audience is apt to have met in the flesh. Meeting him will just mark you as queer.

and psychic. People will feel that you may have made the advances. You will be looked upon as an esoteric climber. A ghost must belong to a decently buried generation. A ghost must appear unsought and inevitable.

The next point in ghosts is their obscurities. A peaceful die-in-your-bed ghost is like an ancestor in trade. You may as well say "grandfather" to a tailor as "how awful" to an unmurdered ghost.

Above all things be careful of the stage setting. Don't try to improve on the time-honored ruin and mild-

night effect. Follow the approved method of the centuries. Any trifling with the tribe is dangerous. The conventions of a really blood-stirring spavination's accessories are no more to be tampered with than those of Mrs. Grundy at a debutante's ball.

And last and most important, when you have met your ghost leave town by the next train. Leave without inquiry. Leave without personal investigation. Write to the psychical society. Let their agent spell out. He's paid for it. You take yourself to the nearest house party and shine From the New York Evening Sun.

**MAGI** Magi Water  
Call for  
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you don't  
run the risk of getting  
"deadwater"  
Water-Magi  
is the one water from  
the only Caledonia spring.

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don't come in a day, but  
are usually the result of  
long-continued indiscretions.  
Nor can they be  
cured in a day; drugs may  
give temporary relief, but  
the real cure is usually in  
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stores, drug  
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## Drink Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky

A Medicine for all Mankind. Highly Recommended by Physicians and  
Druggists for its Absolute Purity and Great Worth in Disease.

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"The Bather," by Bouguereau.



## THE LOUNGER

In Pursuit of his policy hitherto adopted by this department of encouraging the study of Mathematical Science whenever opportunity offers, I desire to prove to my readers that two plus two equals four.

If any of them can detect an error in my calculations, I would be pleased to hear from them.

Let X equal 1.  
Then X squared equals X.  
And X squared minus 1 equals X minus 1.  
Divide both sides by X minus 1.  
Then X plus 1 equals 1.  
But X equals 1.  
Therefore 2 equals 1.

A man who went to Banff to take the baths relates this experience:  
"My rubber was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and pulled me and banged me in a most emphatic way."

When it was over and I had gotten up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted, and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand.

"What in the blazes are you doing?" I gasped, staggering.

"No offense sir," said the man. "It was to get you to let off some steam that I was ready for the next bath. You see, the bell's out of order in this room."

An Edmonton citizen who has recently built a house took a friend out to see it the other day. The latter was so impressed by the great pillars, the spacious porch, and particularly the great hall running from the front to the back of the house.

"What shall I name it?" the owner asked.

"I think," he replied, "You had better call it 'Mostly Hall'."

Some typographical errors produce quite as much sense as the wording intended. In the recent Montreal meeting, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, "Britain is ever attacked, though Our God holds a master-piece got it; 'If Britain is ever attacked, then go to bed.' And, in the Crimpen case, a question, 'Was it at this time you and Miss Le Neve went to Deptford?' got transformed into 'Was it at this time you and Miss Le Neve went dippy?'

"Waiter," called the irate diner, "there seems to be a dollar on this bill I cannot account for."

"Oh, that's just a joke, sir," apologized the waiter, "just a bet the cashier and I have. I'll have it fixed right away, sir."

"What do you mean about a bet?" asked the diner, detaining him.

"Well, sir, I bet the cashier fifty cents he could eat the cake, and if he beat you, wouldn't, so I won, sir."

"Suppose I hadn't noticed it?"

"He'd have gotten the dollar, sir."

"Oh, I see. Give me your pencil," and he wrote a few lines on a piece of the bill, folded it up, and handed it to the waiter. "Take that to the cashier."

The waiter leaned over the cashier's shoulder as he unfolded the paper, and read:

"I'll bet you five dollars that when you send this back you don't find me."

And they didn't.—November Lip-pincott's.

A gentleman lying on his death-bed was questioned by his inconsolable prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there anythin' that wud make ye comfortable? Anythin' ye ask for?"

"Please, Bridget," he responded, "I think I'd like a wee taste of the ham I smell abilin' in the kitchen."

"Arrah, go on," responded Bridget.

"Divil a bit of ham he'll get."

"It's for the wake."

They say that Rome began to rot, And took the count, and went to pot. Because the gladiators kids Caved in each other's bloomin' lids. These same highbrows likewise opine That fighting bulls caused Spain's decline.

And when two gents pull off a scrap They stand upon their ears and yap And pull their whiskers out and roar:

"The Ship of State has sprung a leak!"

If I were but a mortal coot I might their arguments refute

I'd make a howl, and tip the hat,

And draw a scullion from them that

The fact that Caesar loved a scrap

Was what put Rome upon the map;

And Spanish slaves did Moorish will

The Spaniard's leaden hand did kill.

"I'd like to see this land all pugs."

Or mortal gents, or baseball bugs;

But some of each helps on the rest,

Provided each bلاك does his best.

To those who say the fighters worst:

"I might remark: 'He's a fine guy.'

Because some ancient guy could fight

You owe the fact you're here tonight."

—Chicago Tribune.

The press-agent of Mary Garden the grand opera singer, has all the fellows of his kind beaten by miles. Take the following from a New York paper of last week:—

"Is Mary Garden married?" That is the question which was asked by every one on the dock when the Kaiser Wilhelm II arrived with a boat-load of opera singers and musicians.

"What is a position for a married woman?"

"I am wearing a wedding ring," she said. "But I can't talk about the

man now. You must wait until he comes to carry me away to his mountains as seldom comes into this port on one single liner."

The reason for the question was obvious. Miss Garden was wearing a plain band of gold on the proper finger.

Miss Garden could answer no direct questions herself, but she was hard to remark while some newspaper picture as she stood posed on top of certain fastnesses, and then you must corner her and ask him how was done.

Once during the conversation she asserted that she had married a poor man.

"Oh, indeed, yes, she exclaimed.

"I never would marry a rich man." There were rumors of a Magyar nobleman, who was immensely wealthy, who had tried to win her confidence. She was at the boat by all number of friends, including her father, in whose arms she remained for at least a full minute, while she kissed him with great fervor.

Afterwards she held him at arms length and exclaimed: "Isn't he handsome, my father?"

For heart interest, can you beat it?

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The most celebrated case of mistaken identity probably, that has ever occurred, if not in Europe, at least in France, is that of Martin Guerre, brought before the Parliament of Toulouse in 1560. Its incidents are so extraordinary that many have deemed it a fictitious narrative.

Martin Guerre had been absent from his home for the space of eight years. An adventurer, named Arnold Dutillia, who resembled him, formed the design of taking his place, and actually succeeded so far as to be received by the wife of Martin as her husband, and to take possession of his property.

Children were born to this union, and he lived three years in the family with four sisters and two brothers-in-law of Martin, without their suspecting his identity. It became, however, a subject of dispute.

Several hundred witnesses were examined, and of these thirty or forty swore that he was the real Martin Guerre, nearly the same number that he was Arnold Dutillia, while others deposed that the resemblance between the two men was so great that they could not decide whether the prisoner was an imposter or not.

The perplexity of the Judges on this occasion was very great; but in spite of many things that weakened his cause they were on the point of deciding in favor of Arnold when the true Martin disclosed the deception.

It is certain that the power of unconscious observation is possessed by some individuals to a marked degree, and while those persons never forget a face, they are quite unable to explain their quickness or the means which enables them to reach a conclusion. The most astonishing examples of confident identification are found in books and the daily press, which often relate instances of individuals who were perfectly sure of the identity of another but whose positive declarations were afterwards proved to be valueless by the appearance of the real person. Such a condition of affairs occurred in the Tichborne case; Arthur Orton was recognized, and his cause was championed not only by the mother of the real heir, but by old friends and servants of Sir Roger Tichborne.

### STARLAND

The programmes for the past week at Edmonton's leading Moving Picture House have been well up to the standard of the licensed films, first and foremost we must mention the excellent portrayal of Pocahontas, that ever popular drama of the Red-man as he was. Acted with deep feeling and dramatic power, it is a model of cinematography. Another favorite was "Peg Woffington," the dramatization of Charles Read's famous novel, the story of a self-sacrificing actress, one of which will be told, being the biography of a noblewoman. For real life "With Bridges Burned" is one of the best films ever produced. It shows the smartness and endurance of a woman's desire to make a living for her little bride. The lady in question has just as much "GIT" as her husband and the whole picture is bright and entertaining.

Another set of scenes of real life was portrayed under the title of "Human Hearts." It depicts only too clearly the trouble and heartbreaks caused by a disengaged shallow mind and a moral lesson for all. The management have secured this year's Baseball championship series which will be exhibited very shortly.

Mrs. Freeman Stanley will receive on Wednesday next at her apartments—24 Lemarchand Mansion.

**MAKES THE OYS**  
**AND HARMLESS**  
French Scientist Says Filtered Water  
Will Dispose of Virulent  
Typhoid Germs

Paris, Nov. 4.—A fortnight in filtered water, according to French scientist, will cleanse the intestines of the most virulent typhoid germs and make them harmless without lessening their gastronomic qualities. The successful result of experiments was presented to the French academy of science at its meeting this week.

### THE DOG CATCHER NEEDS DISGUISE

New York, Nov. 4.—David Steinfeld, official dog catcher of Montclair, N.J., finds that he can catch no more dogs. These dogs have learned how

to know him when he is but a speck on the landscape. So soon as they see him coming up stealthily they flee. So he asked Mayor Crawford whether Montclair will buy him a disguise dense enough to deceive some knowing dogs. The mayor has taken up the matter.

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### STARLAND

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### The

### Ranchman's Rival

This story is well told and there is a dash and go to the picture which can be imagined, but must be seen to be appreciated.

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Will talk to readers of the News in this space hereafter